

Govinda

Stand here with your
soldiers to
prevent sacrifice of life in the
temple.

Nayan

Pardon me, Sire. The King's
ser-
vant is powerless in the
temple of
God.

Govinda

General, it is not for you to
question
my order. You are to carry out
my
words/ Their merits and
demerits
belong only to me.

Nayan

I am your servant, my King,
but I
am a man above all. I have
reason
and my religion. I have my
King,—
and also my God.

Govinda

Then surrender your sword
to
Chandpal. He will protect the
temple
from pollution of blood.